

MOVING DAY FOR POLICE

THEY LEAVE MULBERRY ST. TO OCCUPY NEW QUARTERS.

A Practical Demonstration of the Big Switchboard—The New Cells Get a Slippery Prisoner—Last Move to Old Headquarters May Interest Locals.

Police Commissioner Baker and his deputies marched out of 300 Mulberry street at noon yesterday and took up their quarters in the new Police Headquarters at Grand and Centre streets.

The Commissioner and his official family were kept busy, welcoming old friends to their new quarters and showing them around the building.

Up under the roof, in the huge room at the north end of the building, a score of men were at work in the new electric harness, the equipment for which cost the city \$17,000. Outside of various telephone exchanges this new police outfit is the finest in the city. Its big switchboard is divided into twelve sections, each of which is further subdivided into five smaller divisions. Six hundred lines radiate from this switchboard. Thirty of them are inbound trunk lines, so that thirty messages can be received from outside points simultaneously.

Others are outbound trunk lines, so that five persons in the building can at the same time talk to outsiders. Among the 600 ordinary wires are direct lines to hospitals, police stations, ferries, elevated railway stations and other points.

Deputy Commissioner Hughes was showing the newspaper men the wonders of this new system when the clock of the old switchboard suddenly shone out.

"A fire at Sixth avenue and Twenty-seventh street, commissioner," said the operator, turning to Commissioner Hughes.

"Call up the Twenty-eighth street station of the Sixth avenue elevated," ordered the Commissioner.

"This was done, and the ticket agent at Twenty-eighth street said that the fire was a small one."

"Now, if that fire had been serious and the agent had said that shopgirls were jumping out of windows," said Commissioner Hughes, "our resources and half a dozen ambulances on the way in a minute. You see, this system enables us to keep watch of the whole city. We don't wait for disaster now to grab it before it becomes a disaster."

Just how closely Police Headquarters does keep watch on the city may be realized when it is understood that this same electrical bureau has been averaging a hundred ambulance calls a day.

Perhaps the next most interesting place in the new building is the Detective Bureau, now adequately housed. Most of the southern end of the first floor is given up to the Detective Bureau, which is divided into several sections.

For the Inspector McCaffery, Lieutenant, the Italian squad, detectives on reserve and outsiders with business to transact. Across the hall, on the east side of the building, eleven rooms are given up to the complaint bureau. In the southeast corner room prisoners are arranged to give their pedigrees. Here, too, are the big cases of prisoners containing in all likenesses of about 50,000 criminals, and the records of Berlin measurements.

Between this large arraignment room and the basement cells, a small corridor runs beside the main corridor, so that prisoners can be brought from the cells downstairs up to the arraignment room in perfect privacy. There will be no more parading of them through the main corridors.

On the same floor with the Detective Bureau are the rooms of Chief Inspector Schmittberger and his staff. Here, too, are the bureau of information, the correspondence room, and the room for the daily lineup of criminals.

On the fourth floor are the examination rooms for the surgeons, a drill room for recruits, a gymnasium, a dormitory for detectives, a chauffeurs' room and a storeroom for photographic materials.

The Commissioner's office is at the extreme northern end of the building, on the roof of the porte-cochere just below. The room itself is the finest in the entire building.

Adjoining this room are rooms for the Commissioner's secretary and his stenographer.

Down in the basement are the cells—of course they are the most up to date of cells, but that would make them none the more interesting to most folks. There was one man, however, who found them extremely interesting. He was William Seltzer, a butcher's boy from Mills Hotel No. 2. He was arrested on the East Side by Detectives Basse and Scott on the charge of stealing \$250 from M. Taschman of 78 Riverside avenue, Yonkers.

The larceny charge didn't interest the police half as much as did a chain with two handcuffs attached which they found in his pockets. Seltzer said he had the chain to play with. The police took him to the Madison street station and put the handcuffs on him. In a jiffy Seltzer was out of them. This new Headlin' thoroughp looked in a cell. He worked out of that as easily as he had out of the handcuffs. One of the policemen took him over to the new Headquarters, and put him in one of the strong cells there. But notwithstanding the fact that they are so up to date, the fact that they take a chance on Seltzer. A policeman was left to guard him.

Seltzer, however, was not the first to test one of the new cells. Leonardo Porcilli of 122 Richmond street, Richmond, Staten Island, got there first for carrying a revolver.

The last prisoner taken to the old building was Eugene Alvano, who said he was a musician living at Bowler's lodging house. He had a concealed pistol. The last message received at the old building was sent by Lieut. William F. Delany of Traffic Squad 4. This message asked for an owner for "thirteen packages of receipts marked Assistant Treasurer of the United States Government signed William Loeb, Jr." The package had been picked up by the lieutenant.

A. M. DAVIES' BODY FOUND.
Supposed to Have Been Drawn on the Night of November 18.

The body of Addison M. Davies, a magazine writer, who lived at 18 Cranberry street, Brooklyn, and who disappeared on the night of November 18, was found yesterday in the East River at the foot of Pierpont street by Capt. Tyrrell of the R. D. Line.

Mr. Davies was 38 years old. At the time of his death he had considerable money with him. It was thought that he had been killed and robbed. Ninety dollars found in the dead man's clothes disposed of that night. On the night of his disappearance he left some friends of Manhattan and started for the home of Gustave Nathan in East New York.

Gerbrach Goes to the Arbuckle Refinery.
Ernest W. Gerbrach, long the general superintendent of the Kent avenue refinery of the American Sugar Refining Company in Brooklyn, has been engaged in a similar capacity by the Arbuckle Sugar Refining Company.

Gerbrach was general superintendent of the old Havemeyer & Elder refinery when Richard Parr unearthed the alleged conspiracy, and was indicted along with the others now on trial in Manhattan. Judge Chatfield of the United States Court in Brooklyn dismissed the indictment against Gerbrach on the ground that the constitutional guarantee that a person accused of a crime should have a speedy trial had been violated. Arthur Gerbrach, his nephew, who recently resigned from the Havemeyer concern, is also being tried by the Arbuckle.

MUSICAL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

German Doctors Have Melodious Evening at the Astor.

The German Medical Society of New York celebrated its thirty-ninth anniversary last night with a dinner at the Hotel Astor. About 150 d'pers were there.

The speakers of the evening were Franz Torek, president of the society; Prof. Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard; Dr. Abraham Jacoby, Dr. Carl Beck of St. Mark's Hospital, and Dr. S. Breitenfeld, president of the Austrian Society.

Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. I. Adler, R. Stein, Dr. George W. Jacoby, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jacoby, Dr. and Mrs. John Horn, Willy Meyer, J. Kaufmann, J. W. Goltmann, Wolf Freudenthal, S. A. Knopf and B. Sachs.

A feature of the evening was the singing. Two songs were German, and they were sung to the air "Vom fidelem Kupfersehn."

In older days, as all must know, the learned Dugout and phyllo—vite tasting stuff, with which to phyllo.

He fought the fierce Phlogiston and laid on a leech or two. Or did the pinter or of blood if nothing else would do.

Chorus. But the times have changed, and the good old days have passed. Now no longer need any mortal be harassed. With great elegance and refinement Moderns will cure you when you're sick, but you mustn't mind the bill!

Those were the days when di-a-gno-sis went on pathways weird: Bedeviled humors, fever's grip and plagues were what they feared. When the Walretch would show distress in nausea, ache or chill. He'd get a drug so villainous, he'd soon forget his ill.

Chorus—But the times have changed, &c. They had no thought of toxines, ptomaines. Now know they ought of anti-stuffs, that push such "tox" on the bum. No lab'ralory castles light, they had no "ologists". They surely be besieged, for there were no specialists.

Chorus—But the times have changed, &c. Already in that early age, Selection, Nature's aide. Evolved the genus Medicus—these broad foundations laid: So much phenomena, taste and touch, two eyes for greater view.

Accoutrements a sibilic nose, and tongue and larynx too. Chorus—For the times have changed, &c. The modern species clings to type, yet variants appear—One favors mind, another sight; one favors nose and ear.

But gentle "touch" remains in all, evolved to high degree. And power of speech, for Wisdom's pearls, in word's precision. Chorus—For the times have changed, &c.

Each illness has its Specialist; 'en hyper-psychics who Forewarn the cult, find their relief in modern methods too. With "Christian Science," "Back to Nature," cure "Emmanuel."

What now remains as reason why a patient can't get well? Chorus—For the times have changed, &c. All hail, the Old Practitioner! All hail, the Moderns too! All hail, their work and sacrifice! Give praise where it is due!

And where your patient, your course on Earth has found the favored place. Where treatment of the man is put above that of the case. Chorus.

For times have changed, and the good old days have passed: Now no longer need any mortal be harassed. With great elegance and refinement Moderns will cure you quick, when you're sick, and you're glad to pay the bill!

SOUTHERN SOCIETY DINNER.

Notable List of Speakers Expected at Wednesday's Gathering.

In the nearly quarter of a century since its founding the Southern Society of this city has had many notable annual celebration banquets, but that which is to take place at the Waldorf on next Wednesday promises to excel all predecessors.

Acceptances to date, so it was announced yesterday, indicate a dinner attendance of 800 members of the society, and besides there is to be an impressive showing of who's who at the guests and speakers' tables.

The toast programme and names of the speakers suggest the character of the intellectual side of the feast, thus: "The Invasion of the North by the South," responded to by Secretary of War Dickinson.

"The South," responded to by William J. Gaynor, "The Spirit of the South," responded to by Dr. Henry van Dyke, and "The South and Her Power," responded to by Senator Thomas P. Gore.

Besides the speakers there will be seated at his table with William G. McAdoo, president of the society, Elbert H. Gary, J. Pierpont Morgan, Judge Robert S. Lovett, and the presidents of various Southern State organizations of this city.

Among the notables at the guests' table will be Judge Augustus Van Wyck, Henry W. Taft, John C. Breckinridge and Robert Frates Monro.

Among the members who will attend are Dr. John A. Wyeth, Thomas F. Ryan, George Gordon Battle, Judge Charles B. Wheeler, Judge James A. O'Gorman, the Hon. Edward R. O'Malley, Gov. Malcolm R. Patterson of Tennessee, James B. French of New York, and other well known sons of the South to make a column list.

Walter L. McCordie is chairman, and Percy S. Mallett and Dr. George Bolling are members of the committee in charge of the banquet.

ANNOYING NOISES.

They Disturbed a Pawnbroker, but Save His Diamonds.

Samuel Schwartz, a pawnbroker with a shop at 229 Grand street, heard a noise in front of his place early last evening that sounded like the explosion of a tiny fire-cracker. He said no attention to it until he heard another noise coming from his window showcase. Then he ran to look.

One glance showed him a hole in the plate glass and a book and what was squirming around in a tray of rings, trying to connect with a \$1,000 solitaire. Schwartz rushed to the door and made a noise on his own account. A man was quickly around the corner into Elizabeth street. Schwartz went back and took account of stock. Nothing was missing.

OBITUARY.

Capt. Terence Vincent Foley, who fought through the civil war with the Seventeenth New York Volunteers, died on November 22 at his home, 400 East Sixty-sixth street, at the age of 73 years. He was born in New York city on October 21, 1836. He volunteered in 1862 to the rank of captain and in two years. After the war he returned to New York and went into business. For the last thirty years he had been time-keeper for the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company. He was twice married—first to Mary White, who died in 1870, and by whom he had one son, William V., deceased, and again in 1873 to Mary Morris, who survives him. He was a member of G. A. R. and of the Knights of Columbus.

He leaves a brother, John, a sister, Mrs. Timothy Lynch, both of New York. Mrs. Grace Ingersoll Hawley Cox, widow of the Rev. Samuel Goodrich Cox, of Litchfield, Conn., died last evening at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Theodore Fitch, 458 North Broadway, Yonkers, in her ninety-second year. Mrs. Cox was born November 28, 1818, a daughter of William Hawley of Litchfield. She was married on October 8, 1844. Her husband was a graduate of Yale, and held parishes in Danbury, Conn., and in the Havemeyer & Elder refinery of the old Havemeyer & Elder refinery. She was a graduate of the Albany Female College. For the last twenty years of her life she had lived with her daughter, Mrs. Theodore Fitch of Yonkers. A sister, the widow of David Livingston of New York, also survives her. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Fitch, there are sons, Charles G. Cox and Frederic G. Cox.

Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., died late yesterday afternoon at her home, 711 Fifth avenue. Mrs. Iselin had been ill for some time. She was Miss Louise Caylus. Ernest Iselin is her son.

GEORGE CROCKER DIES AT 65

OF CANCER, AS HIS WIFE DIED FIVE YEARS AGO.

The Youngest Son of Charles Crocker, Who Left a Fund of Several Millions for Him to Be Earned by Five Years Abstinence—It Was Paid Over in 1896.

George Crocker died yesterday afternoon at his home, 1 East Sixty-fourth street, of cancer of the stomach. His long illness took a serious turn for the worse about six weeks ago.

At Mr. Crocker's bedside yesterday afternoon were his sister, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander; his brother and sister-in-law, William H. Crocker of San Francisco and Mrs. Crocker, who returned to the United States from Europe three weeks ago upon the receipt of news of Mr. Crocker's dangerous condition; his nephew, Templeton Crocker, his niece Miss Jennie Crocker, and Dr. S. W. Lambert, his physician. He died at 5:15 o'clock.

The funeral will be next Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock from St. Thomas's Church, Fifth avenue and Fifty-third street. The Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stiles will read the service. The body will be taken to San Francisco on Mr. Crocker's private car and will be buried in the family plot there. The immediate relatives will go West with the body.

George Crocker was born in Sacramento, Cal., in 1844. He was the youngest son of Charles Crocker, who with Lehigh Stanford and Collie P. Huntington built the Southern Pacific Railroad and made a huge fortune. George Crocker as a young man got about all out of life that he could manage. When his father died in 1888, the gossip said his father had disinherited George.

The father, however, had set aside in a trust confided to his executors securities amounting to between four and five million dollars which George could have under a certain condition. The condition was that he remain sober for five years. And he had fifteen years in which to do it.

The proviso was that "if at any time within fifteen years of the death of the said Charles Crocker the said trustees or their successors shall be satisfied that his son George Crocker shall for the space of five years continuously abstain from the use of spirituous, vinous or malt liquors to the extent that he shall not during that period have been intoxicated," then the fund set aside should be turned over to him with the interest.

George didn't hurry to earn the money, but on September 21, 1891, he started out to do it and succeeded. He went to a ranch at Promontory, Utah, and there spent most of his time for the next five years, and on September 26, 1896, his fortune was turned over to him. It was called the greatest temperance prize in history, and he was much written about as the winner of the prize of sobriety.

In January, 1897, he became a special partner in the Price Brothers & Co., the firm failed in 1900 for \$13,000,000 when Mr. Crocker was in Europe.

Mr. Crocker was interested in many other business enterprises and was a member of many clubs. He was a buyer of works of art, but usually kept his name out of the newspapers in that line of his pursuit.

Mr. Crocker had been ill for a long time and a great sufferer with cancer. In 1903 when he was in a bad way he was obliged to have two operations on his jaw. In 1908 he was twice operated upon by the late Dr. Bull. His wife died of cancer in January, 1904.

Two years later Mr. Crocker presented to the Episcopal Mission of St. John's Church at Ramsey, N. J., where he had his summer home, a church and organ in memory of Mrs. Crocker. Mrs. Crocker before her marriage to Mr. Crocker was Mrs. Rutherford. She had a son, Alexander H. Rutherford, the latter of whom married Philip Kearny. Before her marriage to Mr. Rutherford, Mrs. Crocker was Miss Handsett of California.

Mr. Crocker had sought every means for the alleviation of his wife's sufferings from cancer and among other physicians and surgeons who treated her was Dr. Doyen of Paris. After her death Mr. Crocker sued Dr. Doyen for \$20,000, charging that the doctor had used "moral violence" in extracting from him, Mr. Crocker, an extortionate fee while treating Mrs. Crocker, threatening to give up the case unless the heavy payment was made. The French court ruled that the doctor was entitled to retain his \$20,000 fee, although agreeing that it was heavy.

POP GROFF DINED.
Dean of New York Reporters Honored by Men Who Have Worked With Him.

James M. Groff, the dean of New York reporters, was the guest of honor last night at the third annual dinner given for him by newspaper men of Manhattan. The dinner was held in the log cabin of Stroub's Café at 158 East 125th street.

For close to half a century Pop Groff, as he is affectionately called by the newspaper men, has been reporting for the newspapers. Many of those at last night's dinner got their first training under him. There were sixty present.

The toastmaster was Allan Sangree, sporting writer of the Evening Journal. Other speakers were Abe Levy, Gus Whiting of the Evening World and John Seaton, who may or may not be Mayor-elect Gaynor's secretary.

Pop Groff in thanking the diners for their kindness said that he was only 73 years old and that he expected to be gathering news for a good many years to come. For forty years he has lived in Harlem, and he amused his hearers by tales of the time when 125th street was a cow pasture and Harlem mostly a duck pond.

Charged With Flogging a Convict to Death.
DALLAS, TEX., Dec. 4.—Texas political circles are stirred because of the arrest at Hillsboro of Major T. E. Durham for murder alleged to have been done in Hill county by a convict.

Superintendent of the Texas penitentiary at Rusk. Brutal treatment of convicts has been exposed recently by a legislative investigating committee. Major Durham is accused of having flogged a convict so badly that he died.

FARMER'S WIFE FOUND DEAD.

Indications That She Had Been Beaten, Robbed and Thrown Into a Pond.

HEMPSTAD, L. I., Dec. 4.—The body of Mrs. Julia A. Wallace, 33 years old, wife of James Wallace, a farmer near Munson, was found near a small pond to-day not far from her home. The indications were that she had been beaten and robbed and thrown into the pond.

Mrs. Wallace left her home last evening to go to a nearby store, leaving her husband alone in the house. That was the last time she was seen alive by her friends. She failed to return home, but her husband thought that she had decided to spend the night at the house of some neighbor and he gave no alarm.

This morning John McNally and Frank Barth were going along the road north of Munson when, about half a mile north of the village, they came upon the dead body of the woman. She had on only her underwear and shoes and stockings. Although the weather was dry and clear last night the woman's clothing was muddy and water-soaked. The men noticed a scrap of cloth on a picket fence to one side of the road, and on getting over the fence they discovered on the bank of a pond on the other side a waist, corset and skirt, all of which had belonged to the dead woman. Everything indicated that after she had been attacked and robbed she had been thrown into the shallow pond, but had succeeded in struggling out and making her way over the bushes and fallen under the influence of the police Charles F. Gittens, acting as coroner, took charge of the case.

An examination of the body after it had been taken to the woman's home showed that there were bruises on the arms and shoulders, the discolored areas being especially marked at the upper part of the shoulders near the neck. These bruises, it is thought, might have been made with a club, although it is possible that they could have been caused by the woman falling repeatedly and heavily while trying to get away from the spot where she was attacked. Besides the bruises there was a deep cut on the side of her head.

Mrs. Wallace's husband told Coroner Gittens that she had always been in the habit of carrying money in a bag under her dress, the bag being fastened to her waistband. The husband said that his wife frequently carried \$300 or \$400 in this way.

The Sheriff's office has been notified and officials of neighboring villages have been asked to keep a watch for suspicious looking strangers.

TURN TRAFFIC TO THE LEFT
IS THE ADVICE OF WILLIAM PHELPS ENO, TRAFFIC STUDENT.

The British Rule Seems to Fit to Be Safer—Has Been Trying to Get Paris to Adopt a Traffic Regulation System Like Our's, or Even Better Than Our's.

William Phelps Eno, who has been making an effort to have Paris adopt a system of street traffic regulation similar to the present system in this city, but better, returned yesterday from a five months visit to Europe, on which he spent most of his time gathering material about the proper way to regulate the vehicles of bustling and crowded towns. He comes back convinced that the traffic regulations on the whole are better here than in London or in any other European city. One of the things that might make London's system better would be the adoption of our regulation making slow moving vehicles keep close to the curb.

In Paris, Mr. Eno said, the drivers of motor cars were required to have licenses bearing their photographs and autographs. This prevented the substitution of drivers. In London every chauffeur was compelled to have a license in the form of a little book in the pages of which were recorded the number of times the vehicle he is passing and thus reduce the probability of collisions; also the groom is enabled to leave the seat and attend the carriage door without having to go around the carriage. The idea was a bit revolutionary, he admitted, but Mr. Eno said he hoped the American people would come to see the advantages of it and that it would eventually be adopted.

Instead of having the license bureau in charge of the Mayor's Marshal, Mr. Eno would have it under the traffic bureau so that there would be no divided responsibility. He would give the police the power of complaint and summons to avoid delay in bringing the driver to court. He believes in a better system of licensing and examining chauffeurs and that a license should allow the chauffeur to drive in any city of the United States. In London the drivers of motor vehicles have to appear at Scotland Yard and submit to rigid examination. They are tested by a special inspector who rides with them through streets where the traffic is heavy and is thus enabled to tell whether or not they are fit.

55 Dead of Pellagra in Alabama.
MOBILE, Ala., Dec. 4.—According to the State Health Department for the period from January 1 to October 31 of this year there were fifty-five deaths from pellagra in this State. Thirty-eight persons are under observation, of whom about twenty are habitual users of corn meal.

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